

M. S. H.

MY OLD NEW BRUNSWICK HOME



COMPOSED BY

Chas. W. Kenison.

AUTHOR OF

"HOMELAND OF LOVE."

"PICKING ROSES."

"I AIN'T GWINE TO STAN TO BE CALLED COON."



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MY OLD NEW BRUNSWICK HOME

Words and Music by CHAS. W. KENISON

Moderato

I've been think - ing to - day, Of a home that's far a - way, Thro' whose
There's a moth - er wait - ing too, With her lov - ing heart so true, She is
Now their wait - ing days are told, The old home is be - ing sold, And the

rall.

fields in childhood's days I used to roam — And the riv - ersparkling near, And the
long - ing as the sun sinks in the west — For the wan - der - er's re - turn, How her
old folks from their home must go a - way But a stranger standing near Beckons

rall. *a tempo*

rall. *con*

chimes I used to hear, They re - call to me my old New Brunswick home — There's a
heart for him doth yearn, That he soon will come to be her hon - or'd guest. — Swift
to the auc - tion - eer And the price that's ask'd he prom - is - es to pay. — While the

a tempo *con*

spirito

Fa-ther wait-ing there, Seat-ed in his old arm-chair, For the
 years as they roll by Pale her cheeks and dim her eye, Her
 pa-rents bow'd with care, Breathe to God a grate-ful pray'r, For the

spirito

a tempo *rall.* *a tempo*

dear one that he hopes to see some day _____ He must
 steps are grow-ing fee-ble ev-'ry day _____ How she
 kind-ness and the love that he has shown _____ While with

a tempo *rall.* *a tempo*

wait, but not in vain, For he soon will see a-gain, The
 longs to see her boy Who is still the pride and joy, Of the
 throb-bing pride and joy Now they wel-come back their boy, Nev-er-

boy that from his home had gone a-way, _____
 old New Brun-swick home so far a-way _____
 more to leave the old New Brun-swick Home. *Go to 2d Chorus*

My Old New Brunswick Home 4

CHORUS
Tempo de Waltz

They are wait - ing for him How he longs to see them, He will

come to them and home some day The

a tempo primo

chime-bells soft - ly ring, And the song-birds sweet - ly sing, In the

a tempo primo

ritard.

old New Brunswick Home that's far a - way.

ritard.

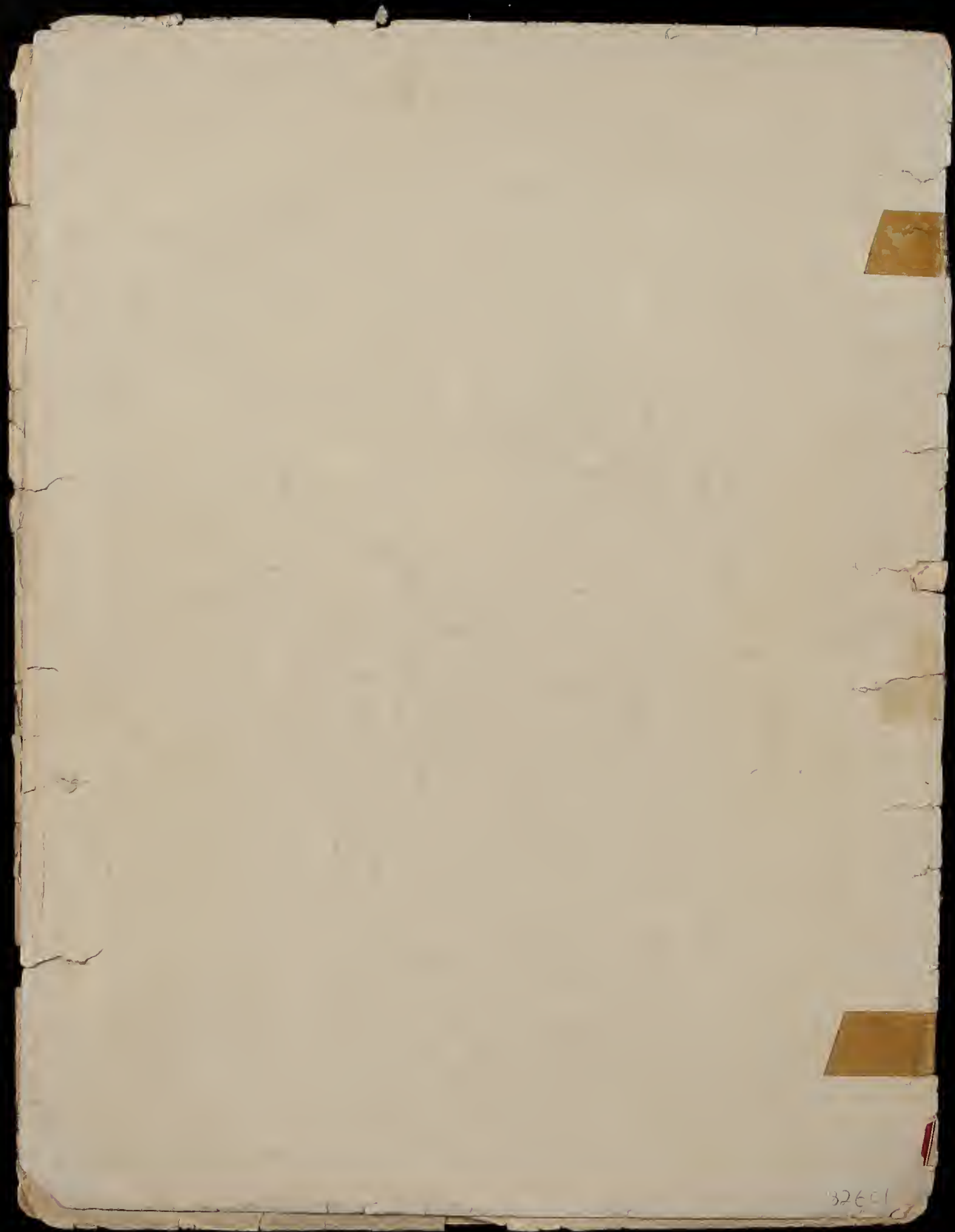
D.S.

CHORUS *After last verse*

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Sweet - er

sound the chimes that ring, While glad birds in cho - rus sing, There's

no place like home.



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